Before the expiration of thy time,
In brauing armes against my soueraigne,
Bul. As I was banisht, I was banisht Hereford,
But as I come, I come for Lancaster,
And noble Vnckle, I beseech your Grace,
Looke on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my father, for me thinks in you
I see old Gaunt aliue. Oh then father,
Wil you permit that I shal stand condemnd
A wandering vagabond, my rights and royalties
Pluckt from my armes perforce, and giuen away
To vpstart vnthrifts? wherefore was I borne?
If that my Cosin King be King of England,
It must be graunted I am Duke of Lancaster:
You haue a sonne, Aumerle, my noble Cosin,
Had you first died, and he beene thus trod downe,
He should haue found his vnckle Gaunt a father,
To rowze his wrongs, and chase them to the Bay.
I am denied to sue my liuerie here,
And yet my letters pattents giue me leaue.
My fathers goods are all distraind and sold,
And these, and all, are all amisse employed.
What would you haue me do? I am a subiect,
And I challenge law, Attornies are denied me,
And therefore personally I lay my claime
To my inheritance of free descent.
North. The noble duke hath beene too much abused.
Rosse It stands your grace vpon to doo him right.
Willo. Base men by his endowments are made great.
Yorke My Lords of England, let me tell you this:
I haue had feeling of my Cosins wrongs,
And labored all I could to do him right,
But in this kind, to come in brauing armes
Be his owne caruer, and cutte out his way,
To find out right with wrong, it may not be:
And you that do abette him in this kind.
Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.
North. The noble Duke hath sworne, his comming is